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BIRMINGHAM-SOUTHERN COLLEGE



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QUAD

A literary magazine for the
true connoisseur

SPRING 1985
Birmingham-Southern College

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—Anonymous

200 killed in Lebanon one day
Of ours, that is,
Not counting French, Italians, natives
Who's winning the war
How goes the front
No one wins anyway
Not in advisory actions
Not by terrorist factions

The children don't sleep
 They cry for the millions lost
The millions more we're losing
They hear the cries of flaming children
No older than themselves
 Gone in the fight for "stability"

One fine day we'll all look up
And see the mushrooms
Over us — it's too late then,
No one wins this war
 When there are no fronts.

We invaded yesterday
An island this town's size
Already ours are dying
On no one's front

They call for more troops
Let's send more home-town boys
To die and let our children
Hear their cries

There's no war — but we've
Just got to get the others out
They invade, we cry "unfair"
Then do the same, in the name of justice
 in the fight for "stability".

100 more will die tonight
 While families toss and turn
 And the children cry the cries
 Of a billion gone before.

—Chris MacDonald

RING!!!

Hello?

Yes Ma'am - a smile

yes ma'am - ditto

yes ma'am - rolls eyes

I'd rather not - smile leaves

No Ma'am! - indignantly

He can, I will - sigh

Soon as possible - disgusted

I appreciate it - unenthusiastic

Fine, just fine - deeper sigh

I will, thank you - politely

take care - coldly

o.k., alright-YES! - loudly

I LOVE YOU TOO!

!CLICK!

Don't you enjoy

your mom's weekly

calls?

GRR!! - unamused

—Carol New

CROSSWORD PUZZLES

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C O D E S

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P R O B L E M S

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e

D

is like

a puzzle—

ya' gotta find where

your piece fits into the

whole picture . . .

—Carol New

It's Dark After Twilight

How had she gotten into this anyway? She couldn't seem to remember where this man had come from or why he was beating her. Her once healthy body was now a fountain of blood. Too weak to fight any longer, she tried to remember what had happened.

Only an hour ago she had been preparing to leave her office. All concept of time was lost to her in pain.

She remembered it clearly now, the bright office she was so proud of. The well-organized mahogany desk with her name sitting on the front commanded a room with perfectly-placed windows which opened the way for dancing sunbeams. Everything was coordinated in color and style, drawing attention to the organization of the room.

Tonight she had given her office more than the usual glance as she had left. She had stood in the doorway, holding her briefcase, and gazed at the symbol of her career.

"Are you going to stand there forever, or do you want a ride home?" asked one of her friends who worked in a different part of the building.

"What are you doing here so early, Mary?" she asked.

"Oh, I finished up early. I just came by to see if you were still here and to offer you a ride."

"Well, thanks. I would, but it's such a beautiful evening. I think I'll just walk."

"Okay, but be careful. Wouldn't want you to turn up dead in some alley tomorrow morning," Mary teased.

"I think I'll be all right," she returned, "I'll see you in the morning."

She locked the door to her office and checked her box. Nothing that couldn't wait until tomorrow. She left the room and walked to the stairs. When she emerged at the bottom of the flight and walked across the lobby, her mind had flown from her work, already anticipating the evening that lay ahead.

Walking slowly down the street, she was enchanted by the approaching sunset. Clouds tinted purple, pink, and green gave the sky a mystical quality. The birds sang with joy and happiness for being alive. She watched the squirrels and chipmunks scurry around and realized what a wonderful gift life was.

Twilight had come, and a dog began barking fiercely. As she realized the dog was nearby, his ranting was cut off with a squeal of pain. Silence overwhelmed the neighborhood, as well as a sense of sudden darkness, and she quickened her pace in an effort to get home before dark. Half a block from her apartment building, she heard a noise ahead of her in an alley and stopped. She listened, but there was no movement. As she began to walk forward again, the shadows of the alley rejected a small bundle which seemed to be nothing more than a sack of bones except for its flailing legs. As it landed on the sidewalk in front of her, she realized it was the dog. Her eyes grew wide with fear, and, as she brought her hands to her face, she dropped her briefcase and stepped back from the horror on the ground before her. A noise from the alley fell on her ears and she dragged her eyes away from the mutilated body to see the man standing in front of her. Too frightened to scream, she began to back away from him. He stepped forward and she turned to run. Her instincts took over and looked for a place to hide, and she realized too late that she was running into the darkness between two buildings.

Blinded by fear she ran into a wall that blocked the alley from further passage. Quickly she turned to duck around the man before he cornered her.

She turned too late. Before she was halfway around, she felt a powerful blow on her shoulders as she fell. The man had picked up a broomstick while he was chasing her, and he used his new-found weapon skillfully. Not giving her a chance to get up again, he began beating her with the stick. She shielded her head with her arms and curled her body like a small child.

Beyond thinking now, she could only feel pain. Would he never stop beating her? Why me anyway? Why did it have to be me?

Something was different now. It took her a moment to realize the man had actually stopped beating her. She opened her eyes and looked at him. There was no emotion in his face. Roughly he pushed her over on her back, using the broomstick, as if he felt it distasteful to touch her. There had been no physical contact between them at all. Only through the broomstick did his rage touch her. She wondered if he would touch her now.

He bent over her and ripped off her clothes, mechanically, as if he were on the assembly line. He was careful not to touch her, and her mind struggled to understand.

It suddenly occurred to her that he was probably going to rape her; she wondered how he would manage that without touching her. The thought seemed ironic, but any humor an outsider might have noticed was lost to her as she was jerked back to the reality in his stonelike face. She could tell it would not disturb him if he hurt her seriously, that it didn't disturb him that he already had.

He began poking her with the broomstick, and her only thought was a relief that he wasn't beating her again. She wondered what he was going to do. The waiting was almost worse than

the beating had been.

She looked at him again when he stopped poking at her, confused at her ability to remain conscious. She saw something in his eyes which had not been there before, something which frightened her -- the only emotion he had shown so far -- it was determination, the kind of determination that came from making a decision and getting ready to carry it out.

(I may not get out of this alive.)

She suddenly felt very cold and began trembling.

He had stepped back as if to survey her. Now he came forward again and looked from her to the broomstick and back again. His thought seemed to travel through the tension between them like electricity and penetrate her mind. She began to cry weakly.

"No, no. Please," she whimpered.

She felt, rather than saw, the broomstick penetrate her body. Too weak to protest, she began praying that he would do it quickly so there wouldn't be so much pain. As if the man had heard her prayer, he thrust the broomstick in slowly.

Her body seemed to scream as the pain grew in degrees. She couldn't understand why merciful unconsciousness had forsaken her as the broomstick traveled through her body.

The pressure in her shoulder began long before the stick emerged there. For ten minutes he pushed before the strong outer skin finally broke. Satisfied, he left without a word.

She was alone. When she had passed from the body and its pain, the broomstick was gone, and water was pouring from the wound in her shoulder. Realization flooded over her.

(My God, I'm dead.)

The world had barely been disturbed.



—Anonymous

(An Ode to Dr. Thomas Moore)

***The Chemistry Test
With All Its Ramifications***

In trying to understand chemistry
I will, perhaps, one day lose my mind
Along with an electron or two.
And then I'll be unbalanced--
Like my equation.

Or perhaps I'll be pushed over sanity's edge,
Landing on some curved space.

Or maybe I won't land.
I'll just fall and generate a wave
And make an orbital.
That would be fun--
No one would be able to locate me exactly.
(It would, however, be lonely.
I'd have no one with whom to share
My set of quantum numbers.)

Or I might scream and pull my hair out
In anticipation of the test.
And the energy change of that reaction
Could be added to my vigorous studying
To obtain the heat of formation of a passing grade.

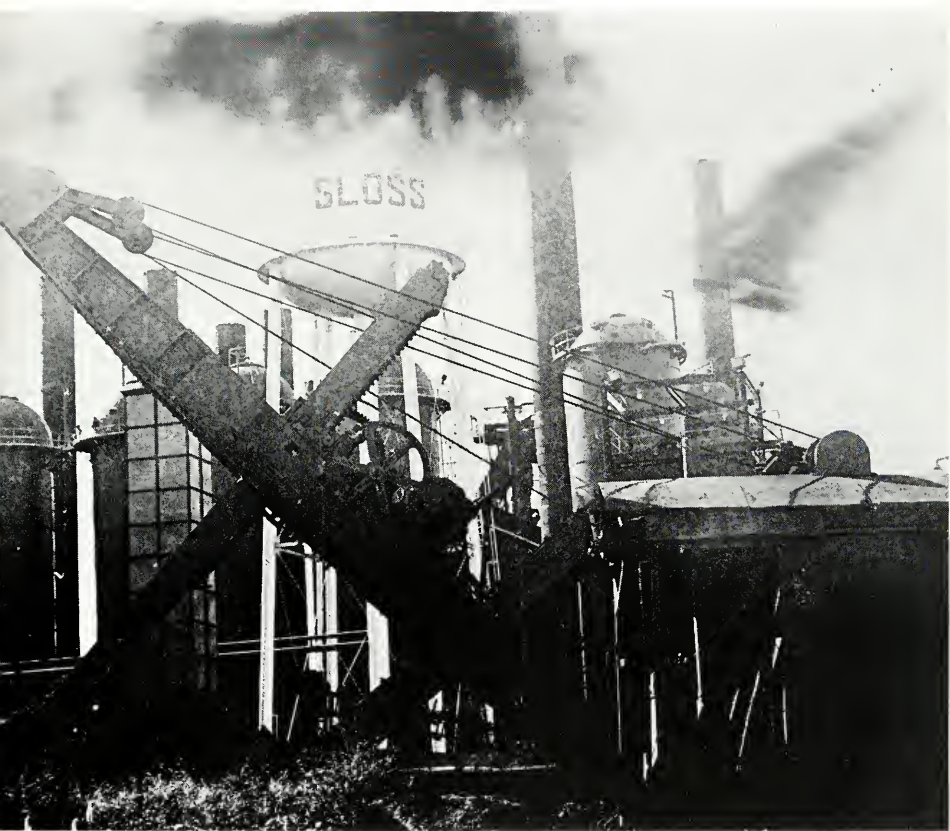
Or my moles of anxiety
Could be converted to grams of frustration,
Thereby obtaining moles of hard work.

Or my test grade
Could be divided by how much I studied
To obtain a percent yield of careless mistakes.

I will, however, never despair.
I'll just drive home in my car
(A transition metal of sorts)
And study some more.
Because I recognize
The beauty (and the complexity!)
Of the periodic table
(That sucker).

Bop, bop, bop.

—Bente Flatland



—James Adams

Stillborn, Five Decades Past Due

A One Act by Tynes Cowan and John DeWitt

Dramatis Personae

Idealistic Man

Romantic Man

Waitress

Old Man

Setting: A big southern city where unemployment is high and morale is low, where a creative college graduate has little to look forward to.

Scene 1: A bar, with a theme (though it doesn't realize it) of cultural wasteland. Strains of jazz piano filter through conversations from another part of the bar.

Waitress: You're alone, sir?

Idealistic Man: Yes. Yes, but aren't we all alone in this cruel world?

Waitress: Can I have this chair then?

Idealistic Man: Well, uh, no, please--I mean, I have a friend coming.

Waitress: Sorry. (Turning)

Idealistic Man: Miss. (Waitress turns back.) Could I, uh, have a beer?

Waitress: Sorry, I mean, what will it be, sir?

Idealistic Man: I'll have a Heineken.

Waitress: Be right back, sir.

Idealistic Man: Uh, miss, wait a sec. (Checks billfold.) Come to think of it, I'll have a Pabst. (Waitress leaves.) Otherwise I couldn't tip the bitch.

(Romantic Man enters, muttering to himself, then swerves suddenly. Looks down, then continues walking.)

Idealistic Man: Hey, buddy, over here. What's up?

Romantic Man: I see ya, shut up. I'm waxing philosophic, okay?

Idealistic man: Good to see ya -- I'm glad you could come by.

Romantic Man: Speak for yourself. A man can't think these days without being interrupted. I could have fallen into the abyss, you know.

Idealistic Man: What?! What are you talking about? What's your problem, man? Did you go for the job interview today?

Romantic Man: (Sits down.) I went to the movies. Okay?

Idealistic Man: Oh. Wanna beer? (Waitress brings in Idealistic Man's beer.)

Romantic Man: No, I just came to share idle dreams with you.

Idealistic Man: Hmm. (To himself.) Waitress. (Waitress turns. Idealistic Man points at his beer and Romantic Man, then holds up one finger. Waitress leaves.) Why didn't you go to your interview, man.?

Romantic Man: Mind your own business! Filing clerk just wasn't for me, okay? (Then friendly) Anyway, man, I saw some great old movies today--you know, some of those pre-war classics from the Thirties. (Pauses reflectively.) Man, we could make movies like that, couldn't we?

Idealistic Man: Yeh, man, but it seems like we were born about five decades too late.

(Waitress brings other beer.)

Romantic Man: No, wait. I talked with this old man today. He was a little tipsy, but he said he knew how I could get anything I want. He sounded like he knew what I was saying--he was quoting from this black leather book, saying things like "seek and ye shall find, knock and the door-- "

Idealistic Man: Aw, man, that's just the Bible.

Romantic Man: Yeh, yeh, I know but I never heard it put that way before. He said he'd come by if I'd buy him a beer.

Idealistic Man: Aw, man, give me a break! Listen, I've been reading this book. It's called *Psycho-Alignment and the Art of Time Transportation*.

Romantic Man: Yeh, I saw that movie.

Idealistic Man: Come on, man, this is serious stuff. You gonna listen to me or some old fool?

Romantic Man: Well . . . go ahead.

Idealistic Man: It takes two people, that's why I am telling you. You see, two people decide on some place in time they'd like to be--for a little while or a long time. It has to be the past, though, 'cause the future's dangerous and unseen.

Romantic Man: That's true.

Idealistic Man: Anyway, two people fix their minds at the place they want to go--for us, the Thirties, right?

Romantic Man: As long as we get there before *Casablanca*.

Idealistic Man: What happens is two minds work to get in accord, then precisely when their minds are together and focused, they leave this time and go to the place that they choose.

Romantic Man: That's what the old man said, too. Kind of. There he is now. (Enter drunken Old Man with his Bible.) Hey, Mephistophilis, over here--and watch your step.

Old Man: Hello, lad. You still think you want a new life? Buy me a beer and I'll tell you about it.

Idealistic Man: (To Romantic Man) So this is your Bible thumper, eh? You're not going to buy him a beer, are you?

Romantic Man: Well . . . I promised him.

(Idealistic Man gets up from the table and takes Romantic Man's arm.)

Idealistic Man: Come on, man. So long, old man, we don't need your hocus pocus. (Leaves, dragging Romantic Man, who is muttering protests.)

Old Man: Remember lads, "I am the way, the truth, the life," and . . . there's no time to lose, you know. (Old Man hesitates, then drains the last swallow from his beer as the lights go down.)

Scene 2

Setting: Romantic Man's dingy apartment, where the eyes of old movie stars stare down from posters on the wall. Romantic Man is finishing unhooking the gasline from an old space heater. The Idealistic Man is sitting on the floor and leaning back on a bed, right in front of the heater.

Romantic Man: Aha! 'Tis done. Now all the marvellous vapors which once heated this dank chamber can now provide us a new life, a salvation from our present miserable existence.

Idealistic Man: Yes, we're on our way. We must concentrate very hard now.

(They concentrate for a full minute or more. Then each tentatively opens his eyes. Their talk is slower and less distinct now.)

Idealistic Man: Just think, man--great movies, everything--we'll be famous.

Romantic Man: Yeh, but those movies will have already been made.

Idealistic Man: No man, you . . . don't understand . . . we'll be the movie, movie . . . makers, won't we?

Romantic Man (dreamily): You know, the old man had some ideas. Maybe we should have talked to him some more. Maybe . . . yes, he could come too. Let's . . . go . . . get--(slowly lies down in an awkward position) . . . yeh. (Smiles and stares straight ahead.)

Idealistic Man: No, just us, man. Concentrate. (Looks strangely at Romantic Man. Slowly he reaches for a cigarette, puts it in his mouth, and doesn't notice it falling to the floor. Then he reaches for matches, can't grasp them; then lies down slowly in confused frustration. Lights out.)



—Betty Terry

Observer's Epiphany

Why just look at he
Oh, I can't believe she
I don't agree with their bigotry and ideologies
Together, they have no sanity
But, what can I do, for I am just me
I still think that there will never be
anyone as senseless as he or she

Or, maybe, just me
Oh wait, for now I see
that even by standing silently
I take part in their senselessness and do agree
Unless I loudly and proudly disagree
Before it's too late

—Tom Doggett

Woman fades to feline
Fog forms the face as
cheshire eyes glow yellow
in the murk, all
hair and
teeth and-
WAIT-

claws.

—Chris MacDonald



—Michael Geer

Young Revolutionaries

Goldwater the moderate
What happened to the radicals
Conforming to new standards
A variation of the old

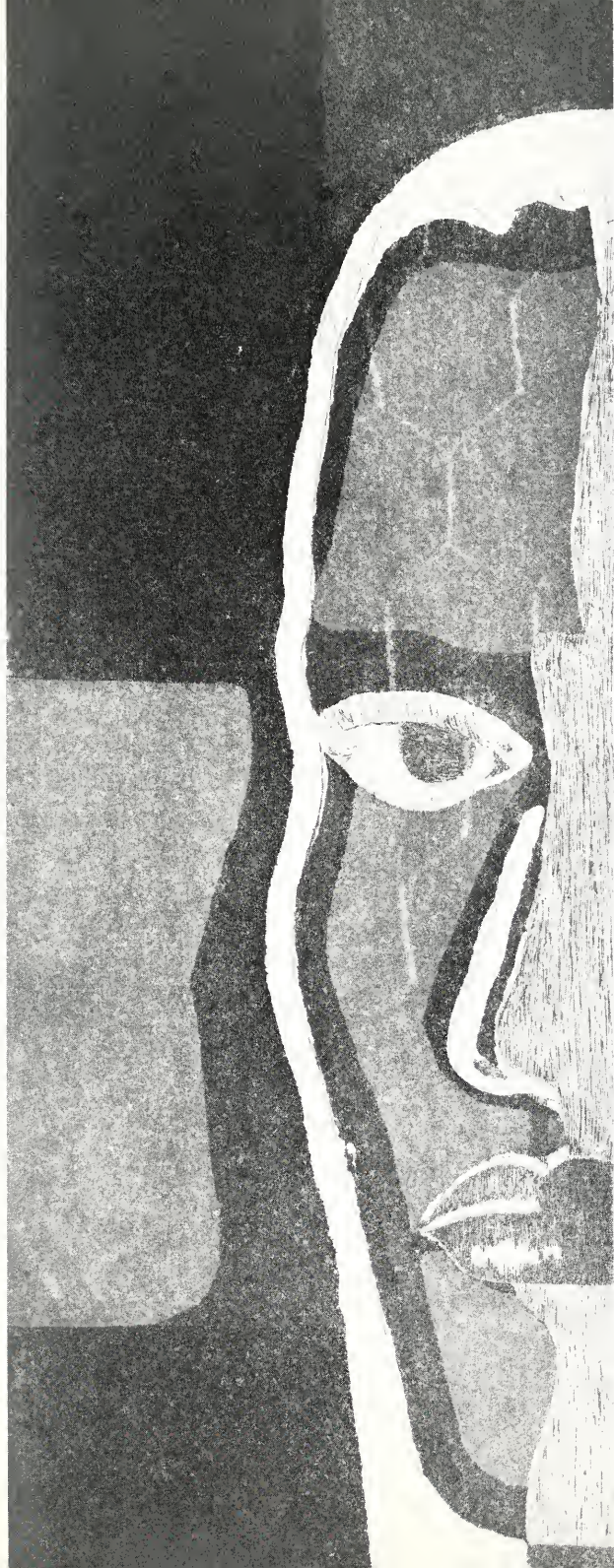
Shut the press out
Cameras, on
President speaks
 an automaton

No solutions—
 verbal garbage
Welcome the new
 With the death of an age

No more revolution
Only synchronization
Synchronize terrorist faction
Synchronize Arab action

No way out - all roads are taken
 No more Rome
No more Florence
Paris dulls the imagination
Where do we go from here?
When do we go from here?

—Chris MacDonald



—Anonymous

I guess this is a gift
of feeling
and wondering.
After all the fun times we've had
laughing
and dancing
and talking.
Feeling happy and good
and wondering
If I've hurt you,
because you aren't ready for what I'm giving.
Being there when you need me
and having your help
and caring
when I've needed you . . .
Is indescribable.
Wondering . . .
what will I do when
I can't share the little things with you anymore?
Feeling our communication
. . . and wondering . . .
Was it all my imagination?
Pushing too hard
and seeing your
'fear'
because I've pushed you up to a wall
. . . afraid to let go.

Afraid to lose what I had (have?) with you
... or thought we had.

So happy we're friends,
Feeling so understood
 so respected
 so loved.

I want this to say all the right things
 the trueness I feel,
 the confusion I don't understand,
 the good things.

For a birthday present should
 express all the joy in a relationship, but
 never
 hide from the rough times.

I love you for your sensitivity,
 for being so careful with me,
 for letting me know how you feel
 about the things I do,
 and just how you feel,
 for not only letting me be me,
 but,
 for helping me realize
 when I'm not.

Hoping I've been what you needed
 ... at least some of the time.

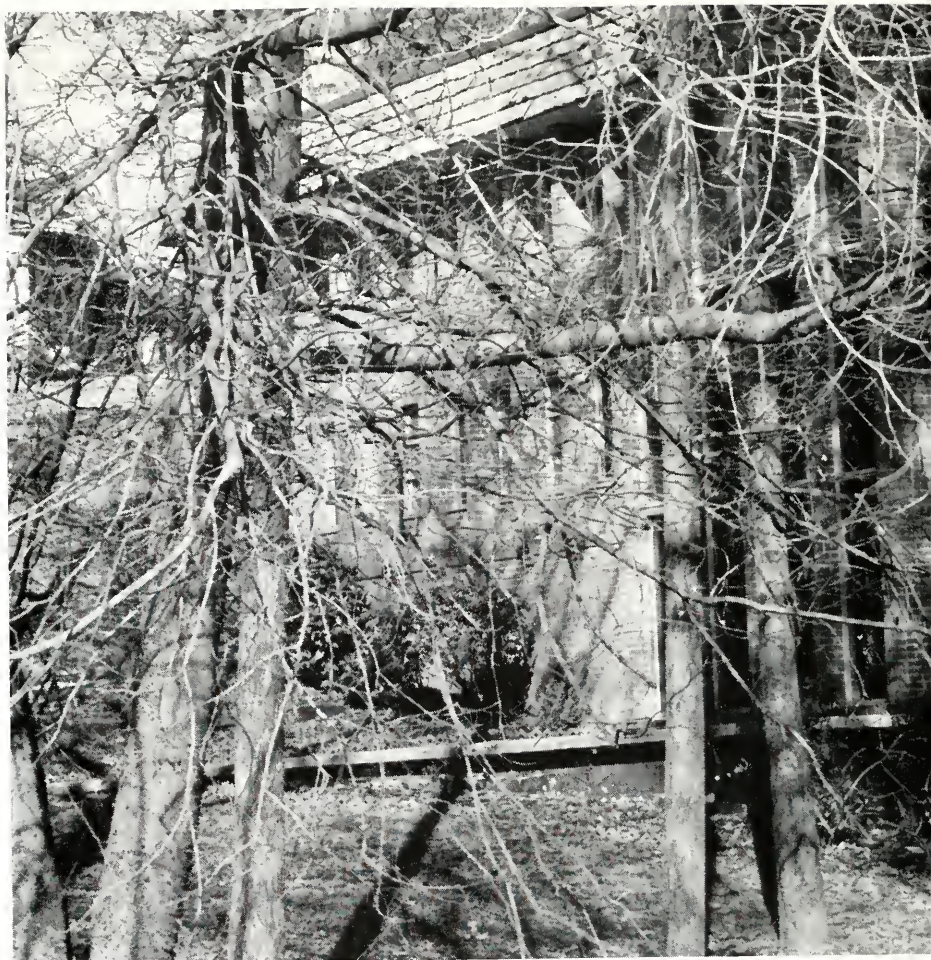
Knowing you've fulfilled a lot of my needs.
Wondering if: ...

when we are gone . . .
Venus will still be our star.
Maybe we're just two lonely people
who found each other and
hung on to something that wasn't there.
Maybe we saw something that
isn't time to happen.
Because of today and yesterday,
I have grown enough
to face tomorrow.
You have been an important part of today.

—Kristen French



—Anonymous



Did brotherly love
go out with the 'sixties—
And whatever happened to
“give me your hungry, your poor. . .”

All I can say is,
Don't send your hungry here
At least give them the dignity
of death on their homesoil.

And whatever happened to. . .
Give Peace a Chance ☮



—John DeWitt

Was that only another
acid dream of the “lost” generation—

Civil Rights are not
heard from any more
But MLK’s dream is not yet complete—
is it, too, destined to remain only a dream?

And *they* were the lost generation. . .

—Chris MacDonald

The Ear

She sat so still
The knife in hand
Tears glistening on the blade
So many times before she'd sat
Each time so still and pale

The room was dim
She was alone
Her fear in every breath
Such deep despair and loneliness
Such need for love and friends

No one cared
She'd cried for help
They didn't want to hear
And now the knife
Would listen closely
A steely brutal ear

—Bente Flatland

The Invasion of Munger

There is much debate among students about life on “the hilltop” during summer session. The central point of discussion is, usually “which is worse, the heat or the boredom?” This little story is the deadly product of heat and boredom, thus the author can not be held responsible in any way for the content . . .

It was hot this July day: crossing the campus was like walking in an armpit. Wearily I trudged up the three flights of stairs of Munger Hall to my third floor English 102 class. The time was ten ‘til eleven, so I was early, so early that I was the first and only student in the class. I dozed off for a few minutes.

Class started right at eleven. No one knew of anything interesting to write about Munger Hall. Classroom talk droned on, and about ten minutes later, the thump of heavy footsteps could be clearly heard moving up the stairs. Since several students had not shown up to class, we assumed that this might be them, so we listened momentarily to the footfalls. The footfalls stopped on the third floor landing. Several seconds later, we heard yells on the floor below us, then the door of our classroom, immediately adjacent to the landing, flew open with a crash. In stepped two people with stockings over their faces and machine guns in their hands. Both pointed guns in our general direction, and one said, “Don’t move!” Nobody moved. Then the one who had spoken swung his gun around on Dr. McInturff and barked, “Try it and Die!” Slowly, the professor moved his hand off the coffee mug at his side.

Then the speaking man pulled out a radio and spoke curtly into it: “Room 312 under control. Move ‘em out of the office.” Almost as he spoke, several ladies were roughly escorted from the office facing the landing into our room. “Get in the corner away from the windows,” the speaker told the secretaries. “Take positions in the office facing the landing,” he then said to the two men who brought the secretaries in. They did so, and the room was as silent as the college library during summer session.

Then the speaker picked up his radio again and spoke, “Third floor, East side.” That was the other end of the hall. “Secure, Boss,” came the reply.

“Second floor, East landing, hall, offices, West landing, in that order.” “Secure,” came the reply, as did three more in succession. “Have you got Berte and the Dean?” asked the boss. “Yessir,” came the reply.



—Anonymous

"First floor, east and West balcony entrances, McInturff's office." Three voices replied with, "secure, boss."

"First floor, West entrance, East entrance, front entrance." "Secure," came the reply from the West entrance. "Secure," came the reply from the East entrance. But no reply came from the front entrance group. "Front entrance!" the boss called again. "Got it" came a muffled reply. "That doesn't sound like Roderick," the boss mused aloud. Then a shrieking voice came over the radio, "Boss! Boss!" followed by the sound of scuffling feet, then no more was heard.

"Something's wrong, everybody on the alert!" yelled the boss into the radio. Loud explosions could be heard on the floor below. The silent man watched us continually, so we could do nothing. But when rockets streaked up from the ground and exploded outside our window, everyone turned and was distracted from the doorway. All were distracted, that is, except for the boss. He fired at the first man coming through the doorway, and that gallant trooper fell in a heap on top of his gun.

"Give up, Dupont," came a loud voice from the hallway, "You're trapped." In response, the boss lit and threw a handfull of explosives into the hall. "Come and get me," he cried defiantly. Two smoke bombs flew into the room, and choking for breath, the two men ran out of the classroom firing their guns. The boss and his silent companion were shot down less than five feet from the doorway.

I gratefully staggered out of the room. After recovering my breath, I reached down and pulled the mask off of "the boss." My classmates and I stood stunned. "Christopher," I said aloud. I likewise pulled the mask off the silent man. "Manuel!" I cried with even more shock, "What are you doing with him, man?"

Both men lay still. Dr. McInturff asked me what time it was. It was 11:13. Dr. McInturff looked at "the boss." Chris's face slowly, reluctantly smiled in the way that men who die in this manner smile. "Weeell, Chris, it seems that you are late to class as usual," said Dr. McInturff.

We filed back into the classroom and began discussion. I asked the first question with a yawn as the water slowly trickled from our dead assailants' guns.

—John DeWitt



—Jeff Sutherland

!!ALARM CLOCK!!
open eyes
try to focus
think about day ahead . . .
hot shower
hot coffee
warm sunshine
warm smiles
cold lecture hall
cold professor's stare
shudder
roll over - punt class
SNORE

—Carol New

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following are B-SC fight songs, circa 1924, found in an old annual in Philips Administration, which used to be the school's library. We add them as a touch of nostalgia.

As The Backs Go Tearing By

As the Backs go tearing by,
With a will to do or die,
Many sighs, many tears
Mingle with old Howard's cheers,
As the Backs go tearing by--
Making gain on steady gain,
As we sing the glad refrain,
Southern's going to win today,
Southern's bound to win the fray,
As the Backs go tearing by.

Fight 'Em Panther

Fight 'em, Panther! Fight 'em, Panther!
Plunge right through that line.
Run the ball clear 'round old Howard,
A touchdown sure this time. Rah!
On for Birmingham! On for Birmingham!
Fight on for her fame.
Fight! Fellows, Fight!
And we will win this game.

Yard By Yard

Yard by yard we'll fight our way straight
through Howard's line,
Every man in every play fighting all the
time.
Cheer on cheer will rend the air--All
behind our men,
And we'll fight for Birmingham-Southern
and we'll win and win again.



—Shaun C. Taylor

Stranger, Friend, Memory

Yesterday

you were a hollow name.

I was afraid of the prescence that would fill it,
because you could take my friends away
and leave me alone for

Today

you are vibrantly alive.

I am helpless,

yet you are kind.

You listen; you care; you give.

Giving myself once more, I wait for your answer,
never expecting that you will accept my gift,
but you do.

We have learned how to be
in the only day we have, for

Tomorrow

you will be soaring alone.

I will be sailing,

but never forgetting the skies that we flew.

I would change the course of the world
rather than go back to life before you.

As a mother to the child in her womb,

I am so reluctant to tear you out.

Though far away in body and mind.

your spirit entwines the roots of my heart.

—Kristen French



—John DeWitt



—Kirsten Whitley

Reflection on the State of the Union

wake
kiss wife
hug children
go to work
see gook
see kraut
see the world through blood shot eyes
kill
kill rus
kill jap
destroy his land
rape his wife
slaughter his children
get them
before
the old
weak
young
helpless
dying
can get you
go home
hug children
kiss wife
go to bed
say prayers

“Now I lay me down to sleep.
The trigger I pull my ass to keep.
I kill as many as I can
to bring God’s love and peace to man”

Amen?

—Ruth Vann

Atom and the Eve of Destruction: A Parable

On the eighth day of man
He saw what he had done.
It was wrong, all this--this Miller Lite, Pierre Cardin,
This reach out and touch someone, with an arm and a leg.
And a voice giggling in the wilderness cried out:
"Cut it out, you guys!"
But on the ninth day of man,
The Ronco Julienne Frymaker was still advertised on Channel 17,
And the Baby Jesus was just as close as ever to the heart of Ernest Angley.

And he, it, whatever--the giggle--knew it must be done.
And a baby was born.

He was born in the bomb.
The child of the omnivorous psychedelic 'shroom.
And he laughed and danced--
Swirled in giddy endless circles--
Why, omigod, why?
That *laugh!*
He was a man split in two.
But his maker, whoever that may have been,
Smiled.
And the voice giggling in the wilderness
Managed to choke out between chortles, these last words:
"I shall call him Atom."

—Margaret Kay



Library
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